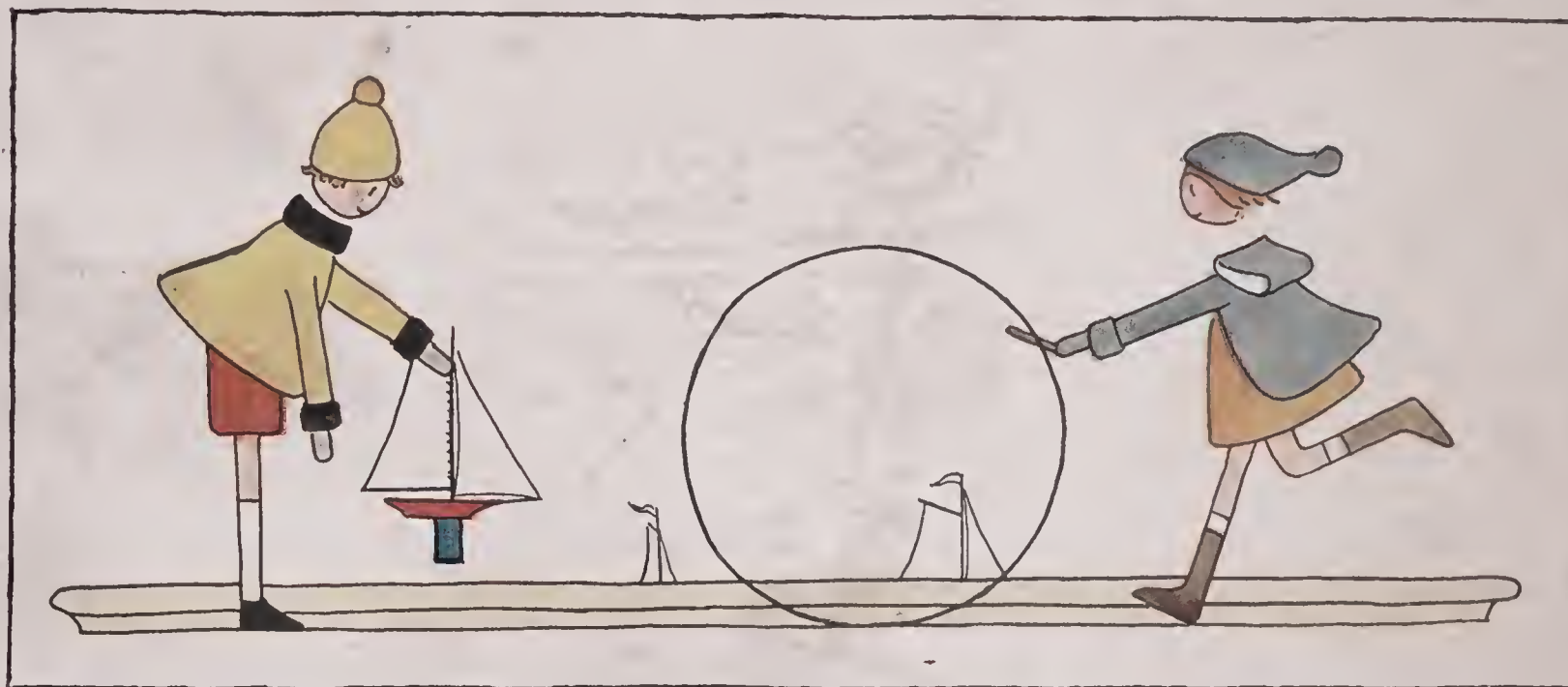


PZ  
83  
B913  
Pa

FT MEADE  
GenColl

# A PARIS PAIR



By BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN  
Illustrated by  
BARBARA HAVEN BROWN



Class FZ8

Book 3

Copyright N<sup>o</sup> 50

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









A PARIS PAIR





# A PARIS PAIR

## THEIR DAY'S DOINGS

BY  
BEATRICE BRADSHAW BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BARBARA HAVEN BROWN



NEW YORK  
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY  
681 FIFTH AVENUE

Copyright, 1923,  
By E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY  
*All Rights Reserved.*

P  
N  
B 3 8  
813  
Pa

© Cl A 763341

*Printed in the United States of America*

NOV 15 '23

✓

TO

H. B. B.



A PARIS PAIR



A PARIS PAIR

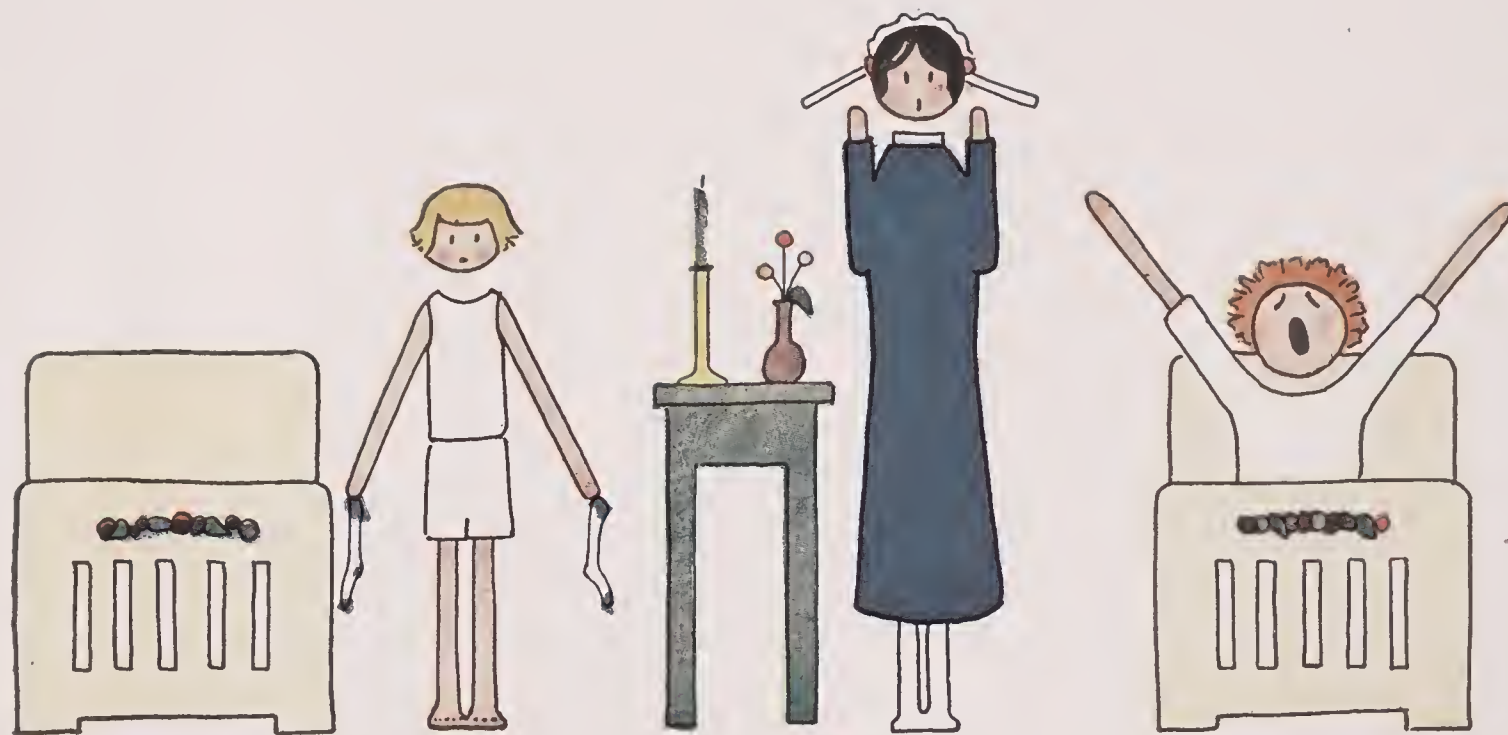




## EIGHT O'CLOCK

**J**EANETTE is not a sleepy-head;  
An easy task, to wake her!  
At eight o'clock she springs from bed—  
No need to call or shake her.  
Her brother Jean—I grieve to state—  
His patient *bonne* distresses;  
'Tis often nearer nine than eight  
Before at last he dresses.





EIGHT O'CLOCK



## NINE O'CLOCK

FOR *déjeuner* our children eat  
A bowl of milk and bit of bread;  
Or sometimes, for a special treat,  
A *croissant*, crisp and fresh, instead.  
Jeanette displays her bringing up,  
For daintily she sips and lingers.  
Her brother drains his brimming cup,  
And then—oh, horror!—licks his fingers!





NINE O'CLOCK





## TEN O'CLOCK

**A**T ten o'clock the teacher comes  
Bringing books and dreadful sums.  
Jeanette's patience never fails,  
But Jean his lesson-time bewails.  
For boys have better things to do  
Than multiplying two by two!





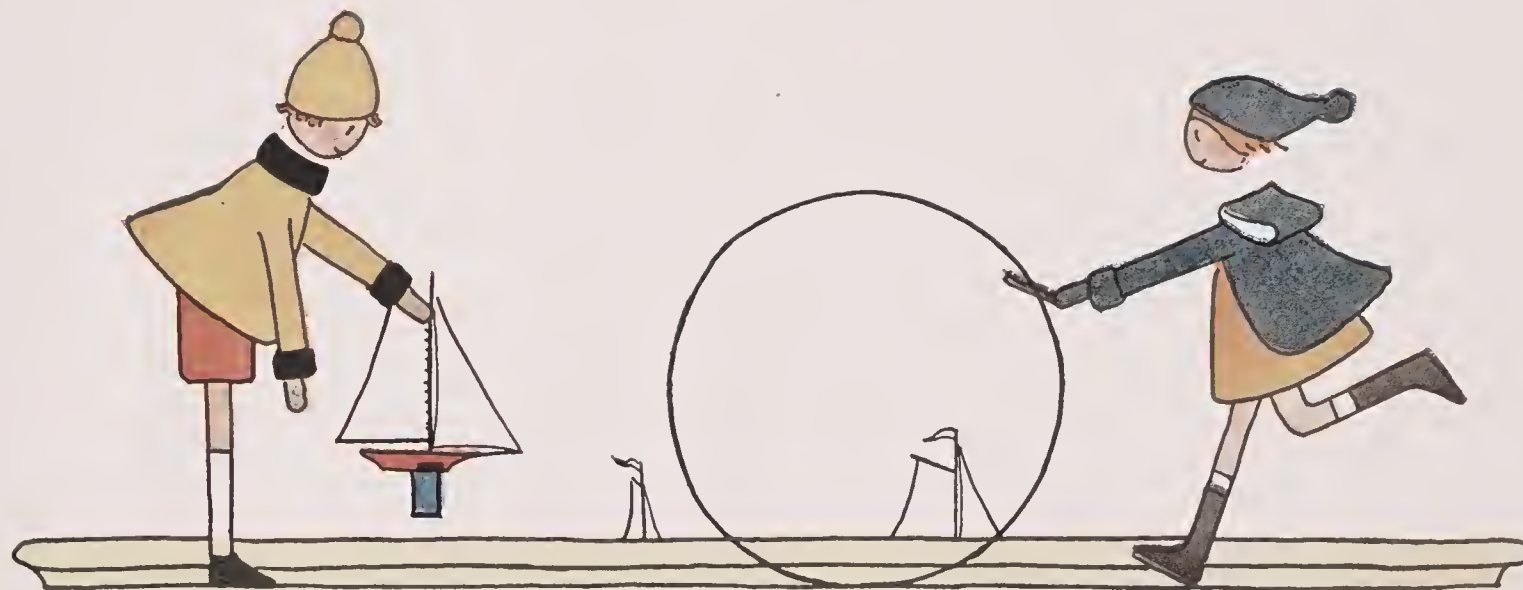
TEN O'CLOCK



## ELEVEN O'CLOCK

**T**HE Luxembourg is a jolly place  
To roll your hoop, and to run a race  
With a gallant yacht, and win, of course,  
Or caper about on a mettled horse!  
And your heart is gay and your cheeks are bright—  
And home you go with an appetite!





ELEVEN O'CLOCK





## TWELVE O'CLOCK

**L**UNCHEON never comes too soon,  
For we are nearly starved at noon!  
Spinach and an omelette,  
Salad, too, and better yet  
Delicious jam with creamy cheese—  
A dish that's very sure to please!  
Becoming gratitude they feel,  
And thank *le bon Dieu* for their meal.





TWELVE O'CLOCK



## THIRTEEN O'CLOCK

LUNCHEON done,  
They nap at one;  
Truth to tell,  
The two rebel.  
Sleep was made for night, they say,  
And never for a sunny day!





THIRTEEN O'CLOCK





## FOURTEEN O'CLOCK

WE think it quite a jolly lark  
To go a-riding in the park.  
Jeanette's mount is safe and sure,  
Upon his back she sits secure.  
But Jean—another matter, quite!  
His steed is proud and full of fight.  
“*Oo-là-là!*” His *bonne* cries out—  
“You'll break your neck without a doubt!”





FOURTEEN O'CLOCK



## FIFTEEN O'CLOCK

EVERY perfect Frenchman's heart  
Thrills in keen response to Art.  
Great his rapture when he sees a  
Venus or a Mona Lisa;  
And incomplete his education  
Lacking Art Appreciation.  
So our pair must learn to know  
Da Vinci, Titian and Corot.  
Their teacher knows the surest way:  
She takes them to the Louvre each day.





FIFTEEN O'CLOCK





## SIXTEEN O'CLOCK

**F**EET were made to dance on, truly;  
But Jean's too often are unruly.  
Now a dip and now a slide—  
Watch the graceful Jeanette glide!  
High upon her tippy-toes,  
Light as gentlest breeze that blows.  
Now a slip and now a stumble—  
See her brother trip and tumble  
Flat upon his nose!





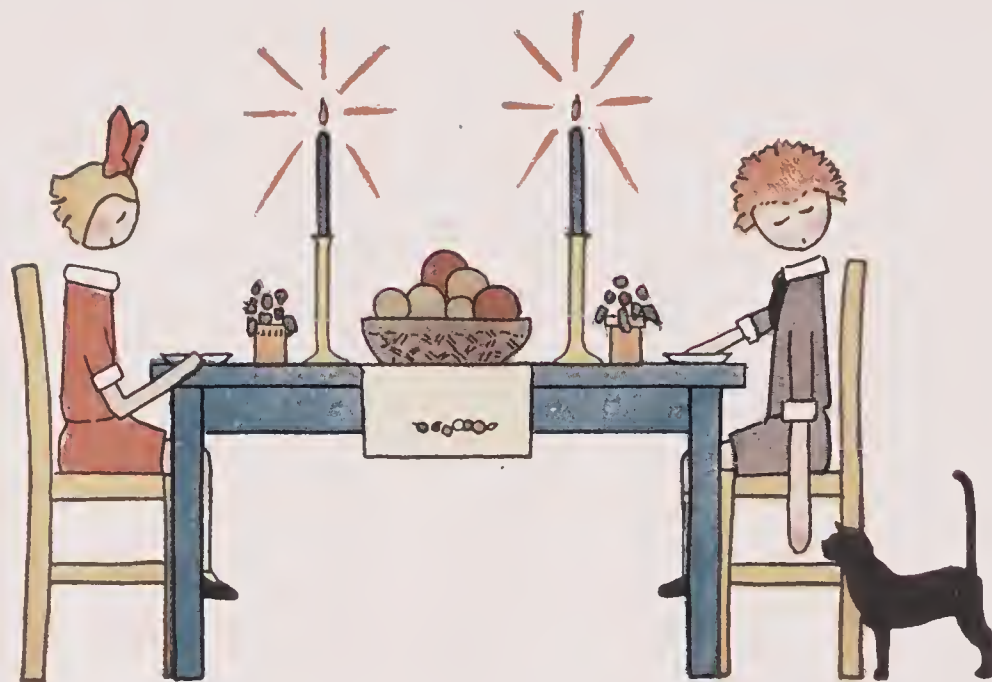
SIXTEEN O'CLOCK



## SEVENTEEN O'CLOCK

**A**T five o'clock we take our tea;  
Lighted candles on the table.  
Sister dainty as can be,  
And Brother good as he is able.  
But he is generous through and through,  
And gives Minette a bite or two.





SEVENTEEN O'CLOCK

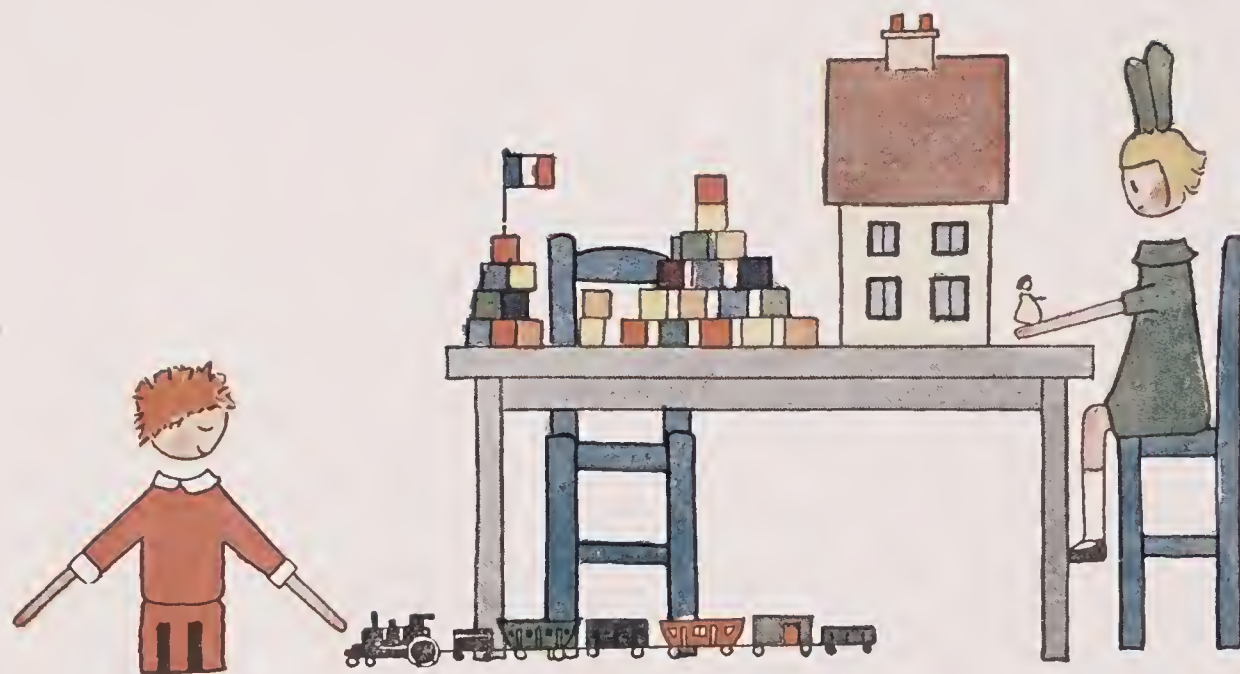




## EIGHTEEN O'CLOCK

**A**FTER tea it's very jolly  
To play with train and Mistress Dolly.  
Over mountains, under tunnels,  
Roaring flames and smoking funnels—  
Hear the engine clank and clatter!  
Drowning Jeanette's quiet chatter  
As she hugs her dolly tight  
And makes her ready for the night.





EIGHTEEN O'CLOCK



## NINETEEN O'CLOCK

**L**IFE is not alone for fun;  
There are lessons to be done.  
But oh, how hard to concentrate  
On three from six and five times eight  
When there's a train upon the floor,  
And bandits lurking by the door!





NINETEEN O'CLOCK





## TWENTY O'CLOCK

**A** DAY that's filled with pleasant things  
Hastens by as if on wings.

It seems you scarce have gotten up  
Before it's time again to sup,  
And say your prayers, and go to bed,  
And dream of happiness ahead.





TWENTY O'CLOCK















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020870916